To Mr. E. L. on his
MAJESTIES
Diſſolving the late
Parliament at Oxford,
March 28. 1681.

AN Atheiſt now muſt a Monſter be,
Of a ſtrange Gigantick birth:
His Omnipotence do's let all men ſee,
That our King's a God on Earth.

Fiat, ſays he by Proclamation,
And the Parliament is created:
He repents of his work, the Diſſolution
Makes all annihilated.

We Scholars were expell'd awhile,
To let the Senators in,
But they behav'd themſelves, as
So we return agen:

And wonder to ſee our *Geometry School*
All round about beſeated,
Though there's no need of an *Euclid*'s rule,
To demonſtrate 'em all defeated.

The Commons their Voting Problems would,
In Riddles ſo involve,
That what the Peers ſcarce underſtood,
The King was forc'd to ſolve.

The Commons for a good *Omen* choſe,
An old conſulting ſtation:
Being glad to diſpoſſeſs their Foes
Oth' Houſe of Convocation.

So States-men like poor Scholars be,
For near the uſual place
They ſtood, we know, for a great Degree,
But the King deny'd their Grace.

Though ſure he muſt his Reaſon give,
And charge them of ſome Crime:
Or elſe by courſe they'l have reprieve,
For this is the *Third time*.

It was becauſe they did begin,
With inſolent behaviour:
And who ſhould expiate their Sin,
The King himſelf's no Saviour.

Their Faults grew to a bulk ſo high,
As Mercy did fore-ſtall:
So Charter forfeited thereby,
They muſt like *Adam* fall.

It is reſolv'd the Duke ſhall fail,
A Scepter to inherit:
Nor right nor deſert ſhall prevail,
'Tis Popiſh to plead Merit.

Let the King reſpect the Duke his Brother,
And keep affection ſtill,
As duly to the Church his Mother:
In both they'l croſs his will.

They would Diſſenters harmleſs ſave,
And Penalties repeal:
As if they'd humor Thieves, who crave
A liberty to ſteal.

Thus he that do's a Pardon lack,
For Treaſon damn'd to dy,
They'd tempt, poor man, to ſave his neck,
By adding Perjury.

The Nobles threw th' Impeachment out,
Becauſe, no doubt, they ſaw,
'Twas beſt to bring his cauſe about,
But not toth' Commons Law,

But hence 'twas plaguily ſuſpected,
Nay 'tis reſolv'd by Vote,
That the Lords are Popiſhly affected,
And ſtiflers of the Plot.

The Commons courage can't endure
To be affronted thus:
So for the future to be ſure,
They'l be the Upper Houſe.

But by ſuch Fevoriſh Malady,
Their ſtrength ſo ſoon was ſpent,
That punning Wits no doubt will cry,
Oh Weeked Parliament.

Printed in the Year, 1681.